

# Light:

*A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.*

"WHATEVER DOTH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT."—Paul.

"LIGHT! MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe.

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## CONTENTS.

A Batch of Coincidences .....	521	Dominant Consonants .....	528
Obstacles.—Part II. ....	523	The Law of Sequence .....	528
Jottings .....	524	Physical Phenomena .....	529
Science of the Soul .....	525	Clairvoyance .....	530
"From Dawn to Sunset" .....	525	Ministering Spirit, or What? .....	530
On the Value of Spirit Communi- cations .....	526	The Mattei Medicines .....	531
Count Mattei .....	526	Re-incarnation .....	531
"Curfew Must not Ring to- night." .....	528	Can Animals see Spirits? .....	531
		Spiritual and Physical Bodies .....	531
		Discordant .....	532

## COINCIDENCES.

### No. XIV.

In forwarding the enclosed "Batch of Coincidences" from Mr. Edward Maitland, I may add that I can parallel several of them from my own experience. As regards the birthday-book, for instance. Very shortly after the death of an honoured friend, I was visiting at a house where one of these birthday-books was brought to me for my signature. I turned from my own date to that of this friend's birth, for I was thinking much more of him than of myself; and to my astonishment I found its motto to be two lines marvellously and exactly appropriate to the particular thought, or rather trouble, in my mind—as, indeed, it had been latterly in his own—concerning him and his life's work. It was the very thing, without an irrelevant word, which he would have said himself, which was, in fact, his own trust and consolation. I cannot give those lines, however, without going into facts and explanations too long, and too private for publication. From this friend's birthday, I turned to that of another, whose memory was to me the most sacred of all. A most notable speciality of that life's circumstances—again too private for public explanation—was the leading idea of the brief motto over the birthday.

Mr. Maitland's church incident induces me at length to send the most impressive experience of the sort which I have ever had, and which I have hitherto shrunk from publishing. And I do not invite criticism of it. The facts are these: The day before my father's death, I received a short letter of sympathy from one very dear to him and to myself, containing a citation from Deut. xxxiii. 27. "The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." Neither my father nor myself had any more definite faith than that; and nothing in the whole Bible could have given me—he was then unconscious—a greater sense of trust and peace than just those words. I laid the letter on his breast, and those words afterwards concluded the inscription on the memorial obelisk we erected in Kensal Green. They often recurred to my mind in the succeeding season of depression, with a feeling of their sublime sufficiency.

I had always taken pleasure in good choral music, and used often when attending the courts at Westminster to cross over to the Abbey for a few minutes at three o'clock to hear the singing of the Psalms, leaving as soon as that was over. But at the time I am now to speak of, in 1882, and many months after my father's death, I had not entered Westminster Abbey, I think, for a year past. One afternoon, having lapsed into melancholy, and being just then unusually oppressed with a sense of loss and inscrutability, I found myself, as I was going for a walk on the Embankment, outside Westminster Abbey as the clock was striking three. It suddenly occurred to me to go in. I entered at the Poets' Corner, and not meaning to remain after the Psalms, I stood against a pillar in the south transept while they were being sung, but without any particular appreciation of the music. But when they were over, I remained standing, for no other reason than that I seemed to lack

energy to move to the door. The reading of the first lesson of the day began, but I noted not one word, and did not care at all to listen. Standing thus in an absent-minded reverie, I was suddenly aroused to attention by, as I thought, an uncommon elevation of the reader's voice, which seemed to resound through all the spaces of the great building. And the words he was reading were: "The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms": they were from the lesson of the day. Then I felt, as it were, released; there was no fresh conscious act of will, but the dormant intention all at once found muscular obedience, and I walked out of the Abbey indescribably impressed and consoled, and restored to a cheerfulness which did not again leave me.

Certainly, however, I do not regard the above as coming under the head of inexplicable coincidence, as of nothing am I more confident than of its purposive nature, than that I was unconsciously prompted to be at that place at that day and hour, for my relief. C. C. M.

### A BATCH OF COINCIDENCES.

Desirous of seeing and hearing the Rev. F. B., then the incumbent of a church in South Kensington, I dropped in one Sunday morning just in time for the sermon, and having first ascertained that he was to occupy the pulpit, took a seat close by the door, in a position where he could not possibly see me to recognise me, even if he had known me, which he certainly did not, for we had never met. There was nothing in the text to suggest what was coming, nor was the sermon of a kind to call for the remark which he made in the course of it with considerable emphasis. "You have never lived before on this earth, and you never will again." As I was, probably, the only person that had ever been in that church who entertained a strong conviction of the multiplicity of man's earth-lives, and as he had probably never before made such a remark, whether in the pulpit or out of it, it seemed to me a strange coincidence that it should be made on the occasion of my solitary visit to his church; that is, supposing it to be a mere coincidence. For on the hypothesis that it was uttered on the sudden suggestion of some tricky sprite, who, recognising me in the congregation, and knowing my views, amused itself by devising the incident, it would not belong to the category of pure coincidences.

My next visit to a church in the same neighbourhood, which took place several months later, was productive of a coincidence scarcely less singular. I had some time before heard that the Sunday evening preacher at St. — was a remarkably able one, and I at length resolved to go and hear him; when I had the surprise and satisfaction of listening to an admirable discourse on the Higher Self, in accordance with the doctrine of "The Perfect Way"—of which I was one of the two writers—with actual quotations from that book, though without naming their source.

In 1889 I visited some old friends of whom I had lost sight for at least twenty years. In the course of my stay the younger members of the family brought me their birthday-book, in which they were accustomed to get their friends to inscribe their names against the date of their birthdays, each day having a text of Scripture allotted to it. The text set against mine proved to be from Ps. ci. 6, "He that walketh in a perfect way, he shall serve Me."\* On being reminded of my part in the book called "The Perfect Way," my friends were no less struck than I was by the coincidence. For even had they been capable of contriving it—which they certainly were not, in view of our long separation and of

\* In the Douay version, where this is Ps. c., it is *the* Perfect Way.

their very slender knowledge of and sympathy with my line of work—the book was a printed one, and had been picked up by hazard long before my visit had been contemplated.

The scene of the above incident was not far from HUNSTANTON, which place also I visited on that occasion, all that region being previously unknown to me. On entering the parish church—which is one of the sights of the neighbourhood—I presently found myself reading the inscription on a newly-erected tablet, which proved to be a memorial to the late Mrs. Laurence Oliphant, in whom and her husband I had been greatly interested, but without any idea of that being her family home.

But this is, perhaps, a more curious coincidence in the same connection. Visiting the reading-room of the British Museum to see whether there were any of Oliphant's books, other than those I knew, which would throw light on his doctrine and practice, I found the volume of the catalogue containing his books open on the desk in the very middle of the list of them, showing that some one else had been consulting it just before me, and—contrary to usage—had not only omitted to return the volume to the place, but had left it open on the desk, at the very place I wanted.

A coincidence of a less accidental, but not, therefore, of a "purposive" order, is the following, also relating to Oliphant, which occurred at Paris in 1878. I had not then seen or heard of him for some two years, and I supposed him to be in America. Suddenly I found him vividly recurring to my mind several times over without anything to suggest the thought of him, while on no less than three different occasions I was on the point of accosting persons for him, so exactly did they seem to me for the moment to resemble him. Twice did this happen in the streets, and once while bathing in the Hammam, on which last occasion I mentally registered a monition against attempting to identify anyone who was unclad, on the strength of having previously beheld him only when clad. This continued for about a week, and then there came a knock at the door of my apartment, on opening to which I found Oliphant himself. He had just returned from America, having heard of our work, and had come to summon Mrs. Kingsford and myself to place ourselves at the disposal of his then spiritual chief, Thomas Lake Harris, as related in Note K of the appendix to "Clothed with the Sun." The coincidence is accountable for on the supposition that I was sensitive to the vibration set up in the magnetic atmosphere by his thought, which, being distinct and vivid, and directed to me, not only impressed my mind, but took the sensible form of himself, thus leading me to mistake for him the person between whom and myself such image intervened. Of the possibility of such mental transfer I have since had ample demonstration.

The following is referable to the category of purposive coincidences, supposing the reality of the necessary agency, which, however, I was unable to do until very long afterwards. I was returning some thirty and more years ago from Australia, and while off the coast between Melbourne and King George's Sound, the steamer being very much crowded, was driven for want of a seat on which to read a book which greatly interested me—it was Donaldson's "Christian Orthodoxy"—to sit on the deck with my back against the foot of the mizzen-mast, the mainsail of which was set, there being a fresh and favourable breeze. I had not been in this position many minutes, and was quite absorbed in my reading, when the thought was flashed into my mind so vividly that I hardly knew whether I thought it only or heard it—"You are in a very dangerous position in case anything gives way aloft." Arguing with myself that the very fact of the idea occurring to me would make such an event a coincidence altogether too extraordinary for its possibility to be taken into account, I resisted the monition and continued my reading, or rather, my attempt at reading. For reading proved to be now out of the question. The warning was incessantly reiterated, and at length, very reluctantly—for there was no other comfortable spot to be found—I moved away and re-settled myself some ten feet away from the mast. But I had no sooner resumed my reading than the chain which supported the boom snapped with a noise like a pistol shot, and the whole came down with a run, the chain gathering itself together into a coil and falling in a mass precisely on the spot from which I had just moved, with force sufficient to have badly, if not fatally, crushed me had I still been there. As it was, one end of it flung itself out towards me, striking me on the knee with such force as to make me lame for several

days, so that on reaching King George's Sound I could only with much difficulty hobble ashore.

There is one hypothesis which, so far as I am aware, has hitherto escaped recognition by those who have sought to account for the premonition of events apparently impossible to be foreseen. This is the hypothesis that the prescient agencies are able of themselves to compass the event. In such case, supposing the warning given to me to have proceeded from the intelligent forces—known to occultists as elemental spirits—composing my system, it was not necessary for them to have detected a point in the chain so weak as to be on the verge of fracture, in order to be able to advise me of my danger, seeing that in virtue of their nature as elementals they might reasonably be credited with the power to produce such fracture irrespectively of the chain's condition. Depending as does the attraction of cohesion between the particles of any entity, on the polarity of those particles, and consisting, as all force must ultimately be conceived of as consisting, in will-force, it is readily conceivable that by an act of will, intelligently directed, the magnetic currents which bind together the particles of any metal may be intercepted or reversed, attraction converted into repulsion, and fracture instantaneously produced. Nor is it inconceivable that in a case where the governing elements of a man's system have been made aware that their charge has a special work before him, for which his preservation is necessary, they may seek to train him to the practice of heeding their monitions by precisely such an object lesson as was afforded to me by the incident just related.

In common with students generally I had long ago observed the close resemblance in character, career, and style subsisting between Julius Cæsar and the first Duke of Wellington, especially as exhibited in their military writings; but only after I had come to look upon Re-incarnation as at least a probability, did it occur to me that there was a certain fitness in the notion that these two great soldiers might be embodiments of one and the same soul, and, therefore, that the saviour of Britain from Gallic invasion and conquest by Napoleon Bonaparte, might represent a return of him, who also coming from Gaul, had some 2,000 years previously been the invader and conquerer of Britain. That the resemblance might extend also to the features had not occurred to me, although it is but reasonable to suppose that, as the formative principle of the individual, the soul—especially one strong and strongly marked—must in a greater or less degree so modify the features derived from the physical progenitors as to ensure a resemblance between its several fleshly manifestations. This is a supposition which would account for the perpetuation of family likenesses over long series of generations in spite of the continual importation of fresh blood and different types, by supplementing physical by spiritual heredity, in the event of the return of an ancestor to the same line or stock as that through which he had previously been embodied.

Entertaining such ideas, but in no wise having them in my mind at the time, I was passing along the Rue de Rivoli, when I saw in a shop window, across the street, a portrait which I took for that of the Duke of Wellington. Greatly marvelling at the exhibition in a Paris shop window of the victor of Waterloo, I crossed the road in order to assure myself positively of the reality of such a token of the decline of national enmity, and it was only on coming quite close to the picture that I found it—while still exactly resembling the Duke in its broad characteristics—to be really an old print of Julius Cæsar.

It was assuredly through no "purposive coincidence," so far as the agents were concerned, that precisely at the moment when Mrs. Kingsford and I were entering upon the collaboration which had for its aim the restoration, interpretation, and vindication of the great mystical system of the West which underlay all its ancient religions and sacred Scriptures, the founders of the Theosophical Society were preparing on the other side of the Atlantic, to do precisely the same thing for the corresponding system of the East. Nor was it through any "purposive coincidence," so far as the agents were concerned, that the whole movement comprising these two events, had its rise at precisely the time for which it had been announced in numerous predictions from before the Christian era to the later Middle Age, and that it has taken of precisely the characteristics then prescribed. But to say there was no "purposive coincidence" as regards its



terrestrial inception, is not to say there was no such coincidence at all, supposing the kosmos to comprise spheres other than those of its material part, but which are not, therefore, the less real and potential, of events on the plane of sense, because themselves appertaining to a plane transcending sense—a view in which the so-called “supernatural” becomes the natural.

The very remarkable coincidences between Mrs. Kingsford's names and her special work, have already been published in “Clothed with the Sun.” (Appendix, Note I.)

Such are some of the instances of coincidence happening in my own experience, which have recurred to me in the endeavour to satisfy the request of my friend, “C. C. M.,” those being excluded which were unmistakably dependent upon intelligent, but invisible, agents, as belonging to another class of phenomena than that now concerned. With further exercise of memory, or reference to notes, not now at hand, I might be able to extend the list; but, as it is, I will conclude with one which has occurred during the writing of this paper. I had just commenced it when I received from “C.C.M.” a letter referring me to Schwegler's “History of Philosophy” and containing an extract from it which he thought it might be useful for me to have. It so happened that I had, for the only time in my life, brought that very book from home with me to consult in my absence, and that I had already marked the very passage cited by him.

Atcham Vicarage, Shrewsbury. EDWARD MAITLAND.  
October 17th, 1890.

The following is taken from a recent article on explosives :

—On the evening of Thursday, March 15th, 1883, a small bag containing a cake or two of giant powder with a lighted Bickford fuse inserted in it was placed by the hand of a Fenian on the ledge of a window in the southern façade of the Local Government Board in Whitehall. A terrific roar, heard all over the Metropolis, and producing a tremulous quivering beneath the feet of pedestrians in the vicinity, announced the explosion of the dynamite. Its first effects were capricious and eccentric in the extreme. After breaking nearly every window in the Whitehall Club, Parliament-street, the shock left untouched the next house on the southern side of the club. On the east, or City side of King-street, Westminster, few windows escaped, while others scarcely less exposed in Whitehall and Parliament-street sustained no injury. Upon that eventful evening the late Sir C. W. Siemens was lecturing at the Institution of Civil Engineers, in Great George-street, Westminster. The back windows of that building look out on the southern façade of the massive fabric, in Whitehall, which contains the offices of several Government departments. As Sir C. W. Siemens was proceeding with his lecture on “The Electrical Transmission and Storage of Power,” he came to the following sentence: “The enormous difference between the values here given shows what scope there is for the development of the dynamo machine. For instance, in one machine a pound of copper produces only seventeen watts, and in another—the last which has been introduced—the effect is forty-eight. You will observe—.” At this moment a stupendous roar, louder than the discharge of the biggest piece of artillery ever fabricated by man, shook the building like an aspen-leaf, arresting the voice of the lecturer and the pens of the shorthand reporters who were taking down his words. But the sun or Drummond light suspended from the dome above the lecturer's head did not fall into the hall below, and no pane in the skylight was broken. The only damage done was that high above the platform on which Sir C. W. Siemens stood a semi-circular window was smashed.

This is clipped from a newspaper of current date :—

The marriage of Mr. Gerald Loder to Lady Louise de Vere Beauclerk is fixed for the 25th inst. October 25th may be said to be Mr. Loder's red-letter day. He was born on October 25th, 1861; he was returned triumphantly for Brighton on October 25th, 1888; and now he is to be married to one of the most charming girls in England, on October 25th, 1890.

“Nature has given to men one tongue, but two ears, that we may hear from others twice as much as we speak.”  
—EPICURUS.

## OBSTACLES.

### PART II.

Many people's lives are more influenced by their friendships than by anything else. If the characters of their companions are more powerful than their own, they have a tendency to be submerged by them without either side being perhaps aware that such is the case. This is fatal to life. Every soul must itself draw its own supply from the Divine, must put out its own wings. No ideas that are not the product of the life in ourselves can serve us to thrive on permanently. Talking of Luther in the spiritual world, Swedenborg describes him as having a power of persuasion that amounted to enchantment.\* He loved to impose his own ideas upon people, and the strength of his will and thought was such that he succeeded, it being impossible to resist him. Such characters should be avoided. Their love of power is a passion, and they form friendships, mainly from the pleasure they have in exercising power, and imposing their own selves on other selves. They are the opposite of vampires, for they do not suck out, but put in. They may be well intentioned, and even desire only the good of those with whom they relate themselves, but unconsciously to themselves, they deprive them of life by forcing their own views and opinions upon them. They must have subjects, and when people resist and persist in ideas and actions contrary to what they themselves think fit, they discard or condemn them. Their friendship is full of conditions of which the main one is (though generally, if they are well-meaning, unacknowledged by themselves) the absolute supremacy of themselves. Wherever the supremacy is in any way opposed, they are jealous, hard, and unyielding. Such persons are by no means rare, just as self-love, which is their main characteristic, is by no means rare, but woe to the sensitive and weak with whom they come in contact, and towards whom they think it worth while to direct their attention!

Another dangerous class of friends is the vampires. If the former class imposes an artificial life, stuffs with foreign matter, these drain the system of life, sucking the blood of other souls in the vain endeavour to fill their own. They are like holes without any bottom. Everything in the end falls through them. They take everything and give nothing. They are greedy of nourishment, but when they get it they cannot assimilate it; it does not make new faculty for them. They are grasping, exhausting, and disappointing. They can give no real love, and any true relationship with them is impossible, for they belong in reality to the world of shades, and are unattached to the Centre of Life.

There are also other friends, or rather companions, for they hardly merit the name of friends, who are a hindrance in the development of life. The tie to them is often one of habit. In our early days, perhaps, we dropped into friendship with them. They happened to be near us, and we did not dislike them, we found them pleasant in some ways, we had a need of companionship, and so called them friends. But later on, as we develop and come to know better what real friendship is, and what are its requirements, these friends are sometimes an encumbrance on our path. We recognise the mistake we made in allying ourselves with them. Our relations to them are false and profitless. They call themselves friends, but not being so in reality their society is loss of time for us, or worse—a dead weight. Happily, all youthful friendships need not be of this kind, even though entered into carelessly and from force of blind contact. Both sides may grow and may discover a true affinity to one another. Where there is affinity of any kind there is use, stimulus, meaning in the friendship. There are intellectual friendships, friendships which are grounded in the love and admiration of certain characters for each other, friendships even of slighter and lighter attractions, yet if each is genuine in its kind it deserves the name of friendship. The true test of friendship is meaning and mutual benefit.

From particular friends we pass naturally to society at large. This is always a stumbling block to those who aspire to the higher existence. The atmosphere of the crowded assemblies of society is utterly detrimental to life. Many find they can hardly breathe in them, their whole being droops, and they feel as if receiving poison instead of food. Either a dull weight of sleepy torpor creeps over them so that their words come out like lead, and as if without breath,

\* “True Christian Religion,” p. 796.

or they are restless, miserable, irritated. When at last they escape, it is as if they breathed fresh air, their lungs expand freely. The reaction is almost a joy. Yet this is not the case if they have imbibed any of the poison into their system. If they have opened their minds to vanity and frivolity, and allowed themselves to be taken in the current of them, dissatisfaction, depression, and pain will follow. It is no new thing to say that the great danger of society is its being a stimulus to vanity. Where all are trying to out-shine, or at any rate to be not inferior to one another in beauty, or dress, or talent, or agreeableness, this must be the case.

Conventionality is the other bane of society which deprives it of life and makes it so pernicious in its effects. People leave behind them all freedom, spontaneity, and genuineness when they go to meet their fellows. On entering a ball-room they abjure all intelligence, and make themselves into puppets. Everything intelligent or original is put in the background, and they present their worst side, that of vapidty and inanity, even if they are capable of what is better. There is an unwritten compact in society that a mask is to be worn, that a certain conventional self is to be presented as *de rigueur*. Mental ease, elasticity, breadth, and vitality are all wanting. The lowest hell is always opposite the highest heaven. The perverted idea of what is beautiful is the direst disgrace. Love, woman, and society, all of them the most beautiful ideas, have fallen and changed into what is worst and most horrible. The foulest is always the direct perversion of the fairest. Society was meant to be one of the greatest joys and blessings of humanity. The ideal society is one of communion, of giving and receiving, not a means whereby self may be displayed, but a channel of life, an electric current, a beneficial air. It is such society which is the requisite of human nature and of which ordinary society is the wretched counterfeit. No one can live in isolation. We find the reason of our being in communion with our fellows. It is the essence of our nature that we can in reality be nothing unless we share. We do not exist by ourselves, but as a whole. No true society is possible without spiritual development. On the material plane alone we cannot really meet. Spiritual society is not the concourse of heterogeneous elements, but the association of like with like drawn together by inevitable law.

G. R. S.

"POOR PEOPLE'S CHRISTMAS," BY HON. RODEN NOEL.

In the October number of "Igdrasil," the Hon. Roden Noel publishes a long poem, entitled "Poor People's Christmas." It is a powerful treatment of the contrast between the death-bed of starving women in the slums and the joy-bells of Christmas. Then the poem goes on to tell how Christ came to the bedside of the dying.

A common workman seemed the Lord,  
Standing by the poor bedside;  
Yet she knew He was the Word,  
That Jesus Who was crucified,  
And poured contempt on human pride.  
Pale and suffering His air,  
From sympathy with our despair.  
Around His heart like snakes lie curled  
The sins and sorrows of the world;  
But the full orb of light behind  
Unmuffled, would strike mortals blind.  
Bad men slunk dwindled and abashed  
When from His eyes the sunbeam flashed.  
"My servants fashion even now  
Justice for the commonweal;  
From toilers with the hand, the brow,  
Idle men no more may steal.  
My servants seek; I whisper how  
They may find the remedy.  
Save My little ones who cry:  
For I am poor Myself, you know;  
The poor are Mine, and I will heal!—  
Already dawns Millennium;  
Soon My holy reign will come."

THAT which is called liberality is frequently nothing more than the vanity of giving, of which we are more fond than of the thing given.

JOTTINGS.

We wish we could reprint Mr. Moncure Conway's estimate of Newman in the "Open Court." It shows how the great man impressed his fellows. The magazine noticed below gives the best account of him:—

The editor of "Merry England" has shown a journalistic appreciation of the importance of Cardinal Newman's death. He has converted "Merry England," for October, into what he calls a monograph, entirely devoted to an account of Cardinal Newman. He began by writing a history of the Cardinal's habitations, intending to call the collection "Newmaniana," but before he finished the story had grown into a monograph. It is copiously illustrated with portraits and views, famous by their connection with the great Anglican as well as those associated with the Roman Cardinal. There is also a facsimile of "Lead, Kindly Light," a copy of which was given by Newman in his own handwriting to the Rev. Dr. Lee. Mr. Meynell's monograph, therefore, is the completest record yet made of the movements and surroundings of Cardinal Newman all his life long. As such it will have a permanent value.

What possessed a writer whom we have had frequent occasion to speak of with appreciative respect to write such a book as "Come Forth"? It seems to us alike vulgar and profane. The taste displayed throughout is shocking.

"The Buddhist Ray" (Santa Cruz, Cal.) elects to dispense with capitals for such words as America; otherwise it is not remarkable except for theological acrimony. It is a very singular little four-page production; very singular, indeed. Long may it remain so!

This is materialisation in *excelesis*:—

The renewal of lost limbs in the crustacea is a marvellous fact. One of my shore-crabs (*Carcinus Menas*) got fighting with another of his kindred, and came off second best in the combat, losing both his claws and three of his legs. For weeks he lived a miserable cripple, with only five out of his eight legs remaining, and in default of his lost claws he was compelled to use two of his legs to feed himself with. At length he exuviated, and no sooner had he done so than he appeared with his full complement of limbs and claws. This sudden renewal is where the marvellous part of the matter is. It would have been less surprising, although wonderful enough, had the new limbs budded and gradually grown; but to be suddenly and miraculously renewed in this way seems most marvellous. In no crustacean has the writer ever seen the limb grow gradually, or show any signs of doing so until the old shell exuviated, when the process has taken place all at once.—"Science Gossip," October 4th.

This story, if one may perhaps except to the title, is striking and impressive, and explains some of the power exercised by the Salvation Army. They are not afraid of popularising, nor even of vulgarising, truth. They play to the gallery:—

The "Man of Nazareth."—In a sermon preached at Richmond Chapel, Breck-road, Bristol, the other evening, the Rev. J. H. Atkinson told a characteristic story of Ben Tillett. Mr. Tillett was speaking in Victoria Park to an immense crowd of working men, many of them Socialists, and he began to tell his audience of the Man of Nazareth. He told them what the Man of Nazareth said when He was upon the earth; he told them what the Man of Nazareth did when He was upon earth; he told them what he believed the Man of Nazareth would say and do now to working men and dock labourers if He were visibly in their midst. He waxed warm on the subject, he grew more and more earnest and eloquent as he told them of the righteousness, and sympathy, and unselfishness, and kindness, and love of the Man of Nazareth. At last one of the Socialists cried out, "Let us give three cheers for that Man of Nazareth. He is the best man of whom we have ever heard." And immediately thousands of hats and caps were uplifted, and thousands of voices joined in ringing cheers for the "Man of Nazareth."—"Bristol Times."

Miss Mené Muriel Dowie, a granddaughter of Robert Chambers, has read before the Geographical Section of the Congress at Leeds a paper describing her travels in the Carpathians. Her adventures were exciting and her dress was more adapted to her work than is that of the ordinary lady of domestic life.

"Lucifer" is a distinctly good number. "Psychic and Noetic Action" is very good reading. Colonel Olcott's "Nett Result of our Indian Work" is marked by much calm dignity. "The Future of Women" will be variously appraised. Most of us are not prepared to consider with Tolstoi that marriage



is "always a fall, a weakness, a sin." Perhaps the man who says so is the greater sinner. The letters of Lavater are ended, and nobody is the better or the worse. We impress our contemporary as "sedate." We are glad. There is far too much ill-regulated enthusiasm in the world. Our thanks for kindly words of praise.

"The Inquirer" on the Salvationist. "Human life cannot healthily proceed so feverishly, and the great danger is that exhaustion will follow these violent spasms." They will and they must. This ecstatic and erotic enthusiasm will burn out.

We have glanced at one novel, "In Her Earliest Youth." It is full of allusions to the Occult. The "Times" of October 22nd reviews four new ones; two certainly, three probably, flavoured from the same source.

"The Agnostic Annual" for 1891 (Price sixpence: W. Stewart and Co.) opens with an article by Mr. Samuel Laing on "An Agnostic View of the Bible," which is, like all that he writes, vigorous, logical and incisive. Dr. Bithell propounds "The Fundamental Theses of Agnosticism." Mr. Charles Watts, Editor, discourses on "Practical Religion," and Mr. G. J. Holyoake on "The Iron Hand under the Velvet Glove," a protest against an iron dogmatism adapted to a rather sentimental humanitarianism. There are other good articles, and the literary quality throughout is high.

The last number of the "Theosophist" has reports of three lectures in the course now being delivered at Adyar; one by Dr. Daly on "Clairvoyance"; another by Mr. Fawcett on "Modern Philosophy from Kant to Herbert Spencer"; and a third by Mr. Harte on "Hypnotism."

The most interesting paper in a very interesting number to our thinking is that on "Highland Second-sight," by Mr. Bick, C.E., followed closely by that on the "Divining Rod," by Mrs. Cotton.

They are photographing angels by lightning in America now. A flash struck a portrait of one Mr. Smith, of Charlotte, N.C., demolished the frame, and left "an angel with outstretched wings" in its place, or rather imprinted it "in an attitude of benediction" over Mr. Smith's counterfeit presentment." We are getting on.

It is no small feat for a man who has reached the age of Frederick Tennyson to put forth, on the very threshold of his life to come, an important work such as that just published. We do not criticise, but his verse has some of the ring of the Laureate's. This has, at least, the Tennysonian echo:—

O happy, happy child,  
With thy clear song, and thy sunlighted eyes!  
Who would not love to see thee ever thus;  
And that some laughing Eros might come down,  
And lift thee up into that golden isle  
That swims the blue air, that thou might'st with him,  
Down matin rills of sunshine, sail away  
For ever; and, untouch'd of mortal care,  
With mirth and endless music charm the Fates  
To unwind their sombre shuttles, and take out  
All threads of Ill?

Here is another passage in which we catch a strain of familiar music:—

I—who oft  
Have seen the great Gods with undazzled eyes  
In twilight valleys, or on morning slopes  
Of sunlit hills, and heard their voices speak  
In melody, which, like a harpstring keen  
And tender, makes the pulses of the air  
To throb and burn.

From the "Times." What a thing is memory!—

New York, October 21st. — A remarkable incident occurred at the Manhattan Chess Club on Saturday, during the performance of Mr. Steinitz. In a game with Dr. Marshall, of San Francisco, who was one of the players pitted against him, Mr. Steinitz was about to make a move when the former claimed that he was in play. "You are mistaken," said Mr. Steinitz, "it is my move." Dr. Marshall submitted, but, after six more moves, he refused to proceed, upon the plea that he had been deprived of a move. Mr. Steinitz asked him if he had kept a score of the game, and, getting a negative reply, placed the men back in their original position, rapidly repeated the game from the first move to the nineteenth, and, amid the applause of all present, proved that he was right. Considering that Mr.

Steinitz had previously played twenty-six games during the evening, the feat is regarded as one of the most extraordinary on record in connection with chess playing.

#### E. STUART PHELPS ON THE SCIENCE OF THE SOUL

The Darwin of the science of the soul is yet to be. He has a large occasion. It will be found greater to explain the dissolution than the evolution of the race. It is more to teach us where we go to than to tell us what we came from. From the "Descent" to the "Destiny" of man is the natural step. The German physicist who gave his book the supreme title of "The Discovery of the Soul" was wiser than he knew. That was a piercing satire on the materialistic philosophy which suggested, not long since, that mourners hereafter be given front seats at geological lectures, and the most deeply bereaved provided with chip hammers to collect specimens. Older than the classic of St. Pierre, and young as the anguish of yesterday, is the moan: "Since death is a good, and since Virginia is happy, I would die, too, and be united to Virginia."

Science has given us a past. Too long has she left it to faith to give us a future. Human love cannot be counted out of the forces of nature; and earth-bound human knowledge turns to lift its lowered eyes towards the firmament of immortal life.—"Religio-Philosophical Journal."

#### "FROM DAWN TO SUNSET."

Mr. Barlow's previous volume revealed that he possessed in no small measure the true poetic gift, and "From Dawn to Sunset" (Sonnenschein and Co.) ought to materially add to the reputation he gained by his "Pageant of Life." He is a man of many moods, intensely affected by the problems of modern life, yet refusing to sink into pessimism or to retire into mysticism. His taste, as he shows in his "Singers of the Nineteenth Century," is catholic, and his verse is varied alike in metre, style, and subject. We prefer his homelier style to his attempts to settle the problems of the universe, and justify the ways of nature with man; but in many of his ethical and philosophical poems he reaches occasional sublimity, and but rarely sinks to the level of absolute mediocrity. Some of his songs have something of the ring and the lilt of the true ballad, and the following is a fair specimen of his work in this department of poetry:—

#### THE OLD RED COAT.

Merely a tattered coat of red,  
With ominous stains on the sleeve.  
It belonged to a soldier long since dead;  
He has gone on the long, long leave.  
He has left the old red coat to his sons—  
It is all he had saved, maybe!  
The red coat, black with the smoke of the guns.  
And pierced by a bullet—see!  
And yet, in the unseen days gone by,  
How proudly the wearer walked  
Through green lanes, under a summer sky,  
With his sweetheart! How they talked!  
Bright eyes have gazed at that old red coat,  
And moistened a bit, perchance.  
As the scarlet gleamed, how the sweet eyes dreamed!  
How proud was the maiden's glance!  
And then again, in the battle's front,  
'Mid the clamour of Waterloo,  
How the red coat shone, as our squares, alone,  
Stemmed the torrent of charging blue!  
Poor faded coat on the cottage wall,  
Bright scarlet in days gone by,  
You seem hung there to remind us all  
That the brightest things must die!

—"St. James's Gazette."

#### BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

[Any acknowledgment of books received in this column neither precludes nor promises further notice.]

"Preface and Notes to Edward Bellamy's 'Looking Backward.'"  
By THOS. REYNOLDS. (Published by the Author at 6, Ladbroke grove, Notting Hill, W.)

"The Circle." No. 3 and 4. (One and sixpence per copy; five shillings per annum. Published quarterly; 37, Ladbroke square, W.)

OFFICE OF "LIGHT,"  
3, DUKE STREET,  
ADELPHI, W.C.

## Light :

EDITED BY "M. A. (OXON.)"

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1st, 1890.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, 3, Duke-street, Adelphi. It will much facilitate the insertion of suitable articles if they are under two columns in length. Long communications are always in danger of being delayed, and are frequently declined on account of want of space, though in other respects good and desirable. Letters should be confined to the space of half a column to ensure insertion.

Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. B. D. Godfrey, 3, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to the Editor.

### ON THE VALUE OF SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

We have heard a good deal on this subject from the early days of Spiritualism down to the present time. At first there was a universal acceptance of everything that purported to come from the world of spirit as unquestionably true. No one took any pains to analyse the alleged communication and appraise its value. Sufficient that it was from the spirit-world. But was it? No one took any pains to judge. It purported to be the voice of spirit and that was enough. Some excited persons would sit round a table, and one of them would propound an elaborate thesis which was obviously fresh from the mint of his own mind and embodied nothing more than his own opinions. "Is it not so, dear spirits?" Assent was intimated by raps or tilts of the table, and forthwith the rhapsody was endowed with all the dignity of a spirit-message. Men knew nothing then, and would have cared less, for recent speculations of the German school of thought, which have so markedly influenced some of our best thinkers in these later days. The Transcendental Ego would have fared badly from their scorn, and the Higher Self was unknown to them. We have come now to the other pole. At one end, the action of external spirit and nothing else. At the other end, the action of spirit latent in the man himself and nothing from without.

*In medio tutissimus.* The truth, as in most cases, lies between these extreme views. It is not necessary to point out that some published messages that pretend to inspiration are pretenders indeed. Nor can Madame Blavatsky's assertion be accepted as exact when ("Lucifer," October, 1890, p. 138) she tells us that the communications of the "dear spirits" up to date must be roughly catalogued under the heading of "flapdoodle"? The catalogue would be rough indeed. It is plain that both classifications are too sweeping.

How, then, shall we decide? What is the test? The messages must be judged on their merits, irrespective of the source from which they profess to be derived. As to the assumption of great names, we have often expressed our opinion. It is impossible to prove to others whether a given communication did or did not come from its alleged source. The medium or seer may know, for he senses clairvoyantly what others can only judge of by evidence and their own halting reason. It is indeed presumable that a spirit who through a long course of time has told nothing but what he believed to be true, though he may be mistaken, has told no falsehood, has laid no trap to deceive; it is, we say, reasonable to assume that he would not pretend to a name that is not his. But there are mysteries in the use of these great names which we have not penetrated. We are not discussing that subject now.

We contend, then, that every communication is to be judged on its merits by its recipient, if he be capable of doing so. For it is obvious that a message which might be highly instructive and elevating to an uneducated man

might be valueless to a Herbert Spencer; though, if it have in it the ring of simple truth and sincerity, the philosopher would be even better able to appreciate it. On their real merits then let all messages be judged.

Our correspondent, "V." to whom we are so much indebted for opening the only window through which we can see the speculative German thought of periodical literature, sends us a translation of a message purporting to be given to Dr. Cyriax by the spirit Hahnemann. Dr. Cyriax tells us with conviction that Hahnemann has directed the circle in which Dr. Cyriax sits since 1857, that he is in daily communication with him, that he is familiar with his opinions, ways of thought and style, that he knows them as he knows those of any earthly friend, and—most important this—that he can detect his presence and distinguish it from that of any other spirit. Dr. Cyriax, therefore, may rightly and reasonably claim to know. But shall we be wrong in saying that the substance of that letter is evidentially conclusive to no one but himself?

In "Lucifer" the "Letters of J. C. Lavater to the Empress Maria Feodorovna, Wife of Paul I. of Russia," have been published, translated from the original autographs. In a note the Editor asks, "Is there one sentence in them that could be regarded as new or useful for mankind, or even for the mortal Empress for whose benefit they were written?" To mankind—No. They contain no useful addition to our knowledge. For the Empress—we cannot tell. She may have been ignorant, for aught we know, of the very elementary truths that they contain. She may have been soothed by their very "goody-goodiness." She may have been led upwards, and had her soul stirred to better things, by being drawn to think of them by these simple means.

After all, what does it matter, so the teaching be elevating, what the source of it is? If an angel can be proved to have spoken, and yet has told us nothing to instruct and make us better, how are we benefited? Though I speak with the tongue of an angel, and teach men nothing, I am but as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. And it must be admitted that there is a good deal of brass and tinkle in communications that are claimed to come from spirits. But there is fine gold, too, only it lies deep down, and must be dug for with labour and care. The ore must be smelted, the dross must be rejected, and whatever gold remains will be found pure.

#### IMPORTANT NOTICE.

We regret to say that in consequence of a severe attack of rheumatic gout the President is unable to fulfil his engagement to deliver the opening address at the Assemblies of the London Spiritualist Alliance on Tuesday next, November 4th. At very short notice the Rev. G. W. Allen has most kindly consented to take his place. He will transfer to that evening the address advertised for January 27th on "Some Higher Truths of Spirit." We bespeak for him a large audience in response to his generous kindness.

#### COUNT MATTEI.

We receive so many inquiries that it will save trouble if we repeat that the following are the names and addresses of those who may be consulted as to his remedies in this country. Mr. Surville, we hear, has been in personal communication with the Count.

DR. KENNEDY,  
22, George-street,  
Hanover-square, W.

LEOPOLD SURVILLE, B.A.,  
37, Larkhall-rise,  
Clapham, S.W.

DR. R. M. THEOBALD (Homœopathic),  
5, Grosvenor-street, W.

See also notice to a correspondent on the subject.



## A STORY OF THE COMPOSER MÉHUL.

The current number of the "Révue Spirite" gives the following curious story, which has been taken from the "Figaro." The "Figaro," according to the "Révue Spirite," obtained the account from the Archives des Tribunaux of Paris. It seems, moreover, to have been published in two Italian papers in the autumn of 1880.

During the celebration of the *fête* Napoleon, on August 15th, 1807, Méhul, the composer, was present in the crowd that thronged the Champs Elysées. Suddenly Méhul seized by the throat a humped-back, dirty-looking man, shouting, "Seize him; he is a murderer!" The police at once seized the man, and took him to the nearest station. It was then found that the prisoner had simply attempted to steal Méhul's purse. The latter, however, continued to talk about murderers and victims, and demanded immediate audience of the Prefect of Police. What he told that official is as follows:—

In 1797 an intimate friend of Méhul's, named Bonnet, a young and wealthy merchant, started for Germany for the purpose of carrying out an important business transaction. Travelling at that period was dangerous, so Bonnet sent his money to Germany through a bank, and only took with him what was necessary for the journey. From that time onward Bonnet disappeared. Méhul, who appears to have been much attached to his friend, felt this disappearance acutely, and, to follow the "Révue Spirite":—

For several months his nights were disturbed by unpleasant visions. One night, whilst he was quite conscious of being perfectly awake, he heard a moan, and saw near him a spectre looking fixedly at him. It was his friend Bonnet, who pointed to a large wound in his heart, and looked at Méhul with an air of supplication.

The musician seems to have been considerably frightened, for he cried for help, fainted, and was only brought round after considerable trouble. The same apparition appeared annually. The last occasion had been still more unpleasant, if possible:—

The spectre had changed its pose; instead of looking at Méhul, it kept its eyes fixed on the bend of the casement window (*le creux de la croisée*). Méhul followed the gaze of the spectre, and saw among the folds of the curtains a deformed and ugly figure, which was attempting to escape through that window. The spectre turned towards the musician and assumed a threatening attitude with its hands, as if it would say, "Avenge me, or take the consequences." Then it disappeared.

That Méhul was ill for a fortnight after this is not to be wondered at. The first day after his recovery was the day of the *fête*, and while watching the troops march past he felt a hand in his pocket. He seized the thief by the throat, and found he had got hold of the hump-backed creature shown to him by the spectre in his own room.

This history did not very readily commend itself to the Prefect of Police, but as Méhul was well known, he promised to do what he could to find out the truth. After a minute inquiry into the antecedents of the prisoner, after ransacking the criminal records of the various towns where he had been, and after cross-examining the man himself, nothing could be discovered against him beyond certain accusations of robbery. But a month after, on the eve of his trial, the man fell ill and died in two days. An hour before he expired he asked to see one of the magistrates who had previously examined him, and confessed to him that he and another man had murdered M. Bonnet in the forest of Bondy. He had buried the body at the foot of an oak. The wretched prisoner having given precise instructions as to the position of the tree, a search was made, and the skeleton of a man was discovered.

It would be interesting to have the exact reproduction of the case as recorded in the Archives of Paris.

## SOUTH-PLACE LECTURES.

What would occur if you were to shut up together a Canon of the Church of England, a Secularist like Mr. Bradlaugh, a Baptist, a Jew, a Catholic advocate, an Esoteric Buddhist, and a Mussulman? Most of our readers will answer, A confusion similar to that recorded at the building of the Tower of Babel, or better, at a trial in Ireland before three "Removables," more full of zeal than law. And yet this experiment has been practically tried, and without any such sinister results. In the South-place Institute, during the last two years, believers of many creeds have lectured. These lectures have been bound up in a volume.\* Is Spiritualism, unsuspected Spiritualism, already winning the strongholds of its opponents? I will write down a few of the opinions expressed at these lectures.

Let us listen to the Canon of the Church of England. In answer to the question, "What are the doctrines of the Church?" Canon Curteis writes thus:—

First, and above all, she teaches that there is a vast and awful power pervading all nature, which we call God. . . . Not that the Church pretends to understand God. It is agnostic on that point. For, as Augustine says, it is impossible for the lower to understand the higher nature. . . . Like the Quaker, the Church recognises the Spirit of God which a man requires in addition to the Bible and other means of grace. There is room, no doubt, in the world for a variety of agencies—Heathen, Mohammedan, Christian. . . . Nor are rites and ceremonies of much real importance.

Let us now listen to the Roman Catholic, Mr. W. S. Lilly:—

I have spoken to you of external nature, of art, of philosophy, of human emotions, of religion, all as instruments potent to touch the heart, to open the portals of the transcendental world. Now what is the issue of all this? The issue is the undoubted fact on which mysticism is built: this, namely, that the spirit of man comes in contact with a higher spirit whose manifestations carry with them their own proof, and are moral in their nature, out of time and place, enlightening, purifying, and, therefore, in a true sense, ascetic. And this is the universal mystic element in religion in the true sense of the word. For what is that sense? Not a concatenation of formulas or a tissue of speculations; not pulpit eloquence, hierarchical domination, the greatest happiness of the greatest number, or any other idol of the den or the market-place; but the true tie between our spirit and the Father of Spirits—a transcendental mode of the soul, by which it soars into the empyrean, and is brought back to its eternal beginning. This theism of the natural order, if you like to call it, has ten thousand sacraments, infinite and ever new symbols, and each may minister at its altar. This is what I mean by mysticism; "heart religion" John Wesley called it.

Let us now listen to the Secularist as represented by Mr. G. W. Foote. Here, if anywhere, there will be a discordant note:—

Secularism neither affirms nor denies a future life; it simply professes no knowledge of such a state.

From their point of view orthodox teachers are justified in calling it irreligious, but those Secularists who agree with Carlyle that whoever believes in the infinite nature of duty has a religion, repudiate the epithet *irreligious* just as they repudiate the epithet *infidel*.

Mr. Foote says that we can know nothing of God, but Canon Curteis says practically as much. The Brahma of the Hindoos is beyond mortal ken. "*Un Dieu défini*," says the astute Frenchman, "*c'est un Dieu fini*."

Of the Swedenborgian and the Quaker the spirituality was to be expected. George Fox has been called the "last of the Reformers." His aim was to restore Primitive Christianity. The Christian Church, it was felt, had grievously lapsed from the pure and primitive faith. "The great central truth of Christianity," says Mr. Pollard, in his lecture, "the real presence of the Spirit of Christ in the hearts of His followers, had come to be almost ignored.

\* "Religious Systems of the World." (Swan Sonnenschein.)

The free spiritual republic that Christ had instituted had been largely supplanted by the despotism and tyranny of a human priesthood. Externals had taken the place of spirituals. Forms had replaced realities." To this state of affairs came the simple but great reform of Fox.

"The light of Christ within us, as God's gift for man's salvation, is the great fundamental of our religion," says Penn.

The Jew of old stoned prophets, instead of listening to them. His religion was simply a religion of rites and sacrifices. If he has become more like a Quaker than many an excellent clergyman of the Church of England, the fact will be a little surprising. Professor Marks, of the West London Synagogue, assures us that modern Jews draw a line of distinction between matter and manner, the essence and the accident, the spirit and the form, or, in other words, between outward and inward religion. Many of their ritual observances have yielded to "modifications motivated by time, locality, circumstance." The modern Jew hates dogmatism and the doctrine of exclusive salvation. He hates, also, any attempt to suppress free inquiry and the critical spirit.

Do we not here get from many sources the potent fact that orthodoxy is very like one of those excellent waterproofs which Messrs. Cording sell for £1 7s.? It is an excellent protection in the presence of the drizzle of orthodox fatuity, but it may be taken off as easily as it can be put on.

COLENSO.

#### HOW "CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT" WAS WRITTEN.

Rose Hartwick Thorpe writes to the "Ladies' Home Journal" as follows:—

The poem of "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night" was suggested to me by reading a story called "Love and Loyalty," in April, 1867. I was then a plain country school girl, not yet seventeen, residing with my parents at Litchfield, Mich., and under the pretext of working out mathematical problems, with my arithmetic before me, I wrote the poem roughly on my slate. I was forced to carry on my literary work under these difficulties because of the opinion of my parents that my time could be better employed than in "idle dreams and useless rhymes." I wrote the first copy on my slate, between four and six o'clock in the afternoon; but much time has since been spent in correcting and revising it. I had no thought that I should ever be able to write anything worthy of public notice. The poem was first published in the Detroit "Commercial Advertiser," in the fall of 1870. The editor, upon receipt of my manuscript, at once wrote me a lengthy letter of congratulation and praise, in which he predicted the popularity for the verses which they have since enjoyed. I had no literary friends, not even a literary acquaintance, at that time; and did not know the simplest requirements for preparing my manuscript for publication. The poem seemed at once to attract public attention. It raised me from a shy, obscure country girl into public notice, and brings to my side yearly hosts of new and delightful friends. Wherever I go, my friends are there before me, and the poem—which I gave to the public with no "right reserved"—while it has made a fortune for others and dropped golden coins in their pockets, has reserved for its author a wide circle of admiring friends. The first and only remuneration I ever received for the poem was three years ago, when the editor of the "Brooklyn Magazine" reproduced the poem in a fac-simile autograph form which I had given him. With a delicate sense of justice he sent me a most complimentary cheque for the simple privilege of reproduction. It was quite a surprise to me, but none the less pleasing. That editor is now the present editor of the "Ladies' Home Journal."

NEVER swerve in your conduct from your honest convictions. Decide, because you see reasons for decisions; and then act because you have decided. Let your actions follow the guidance of your judgment; and if between them both you go down the falls of Niagara, go! it is the only course worthy of man.—HORACE BUSHNELL.

#### PSYCHICAL PROBLEMS.

##### Dominant Consonants.

Spiritualism, like evolution, is a key which unlocks many doors. Language for instance, assumes a different aspect to the Spiritualist, from what it does to the merely secular student, for language is to thought what the body is to the mind, and as between body and mind there is a constant interchange of influence, so between language and thought there are unceasing mutual effects going on. At one time thought expands and elevates language; at another language enshrines and preserves a thought which might be otherwise lost to the world.

It has been the habit of grammarians to exalt the value of vowels, and to underrate that of consonants; but consonants rightly viewed, serve to hedge in and formulate speech into intelligent words.

It would not be within the scope of "LIGHT" for me to enlarge on the consonant character of the Northern, and the vowel nature of Southern, languages generally, and how these two great armies are always at war with one another seemingly, and by constant interaction modify each other.

It is only reasonable to suppose that certain vowels become dominant under favourable circumstances. That consonants do, I have no doubt whatever. Having in my possession a list of no less than seventy words all beginning with C, and intimately connected with the Christian Church, including the Crucifix in the Chancel, the Clergy in their Copes, and the Choir in Cassocks, I could not escape the conviction that the initial C is in some occult way the ruling one in connection with the noblest of monotheistic creeds. It then occurred to me to inquire whether the Jewish and Mahomedan faiths have any dominant initials. I believe they have, and that in the former the letter J, as in Jehovah Jerusalem, Judah, &c., will be found to commence more important words in the Old Testament than any other consonant. It is worthy of observation that Jesus Christ being Himself a Jew, yet the founder of the new dispensation, has both J and C as initials to His name.

The followers of Mahomet are called Mussulmen, they build Mosques and Minarets, and their founder was born at Mecca and died at Medina.

Will any of your readers intimate with Buddhism tell me whether there is any ruling letter, either vowel or consonant, in connection with that widespread belief?

M. W. G.

##### The Law of Sequence.

There seems a widespread belief that birds are often used as the messengers of death.

My friend Mrs. L. tells me that before the death of her first husband a robin came three times and tapped at his window. As it was in the month of September, when food and shelter for birds are abundant, it could not be to obtain them that he came. Mrs. L. was not then aware that the circumstance betokened death, but "Some years after," she says, "I was sitting in a room in Guernsey with my second husband and his sister, when a robin flew in at the open window and circled round Mrs. R. Remembering what had happened before Captain E.'s death, I exclaimed, 'Oh! there's death for one of us three!' Mrs. R. was angry, but in six weeks' time she died unexpectedly."

Mrs. C. B. of Cheltenham, told me a bird tapped at the window the same night a relative died, and Mrs. R., of Weymouth, says during her mother's last hours it was found impossible to keep the robins out of her room, the window being constantly open for air.

That birds do occasionally take to tapping at a window in an apparently aimless way, is proved by the fact of a naturalist writing to "Science Gossip" on the subject not long since. It would be interesting to know if he is still alive, or has been bereaved. Mrs. R. tells me further that on three occasions before the loss of friends a single cricket has mysteriously appeared to her, and always disappeared after the event.

I offer no solution to these coincidences, but I think we may assume that mundane affairs are bound together, not only by a chain of "consequences," more or less recognisable by science, but also by a chain of "sequence," to be detected by observation. One of the laws which governs this "sequence" would appear to be similarity of nature. Death is mostly an uncommon thing, hence it is preceded by un-



common things. "Troubles never come alone" is an old proverb, and though often one ill is direct parent of another, yet this is not always the case, for they often come from different quarters, and seem attracted to one centre like vultures to their prey.

A familiar example of persistent sequence is found in the old card trick called, "The gathering of the clans." Take a pack of cards and arrange each suit in order from ace to king, place the suits in a pile, and then cut repeatedly, but the sequence is not destroyed. Now it seems to me that though sometimes our affairs in life get a good shuffle, yet ordinarily they are only cuts, the result being that we observe a recurrent sequence often mysterious and striking.

M. W. G.

### PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.

Modern Spiritualism reduced to its lowest terms means phenomena, or sensuous manifestations; they being its only distinguishing feature. Everything else, in its teachings—ethics, sentiments, faith, influence, inspiration, future life—is common property with all other Christian teachings, or "isms." The sensuous manifestations, which prove to the senses a spirit world and departed spirits inhabiting it, throw a lustre of special significance on these current ideas, which are the teachings of Modern Spiritualism as well as the other religious "isms," and bring them within the circle of facts as well as of sentiments. But it is the sensuous manifestations, with the intelligence connected with them, that make Modern Spiritualism the dawning light, and prove through the senses, for the first time in human history, that man survives the death of his body. Hence this distinguishing feature; the physical phenomena are always interesting, and when absolutely true are worth relating.

I will relate some recent independent slate-writing experience, which I know is absolutely the intelligent work of departed spirits. I need not go into the details of how I am so certain; those who know me as a veteran and a writer, when I say I am sure I am not deceived, know I have been wide awake. I have no particular reason, or no desire, to write up Dr. Stanbury, who is now in California, but he has been in this city for many months giving sittings for this phase of manifestations, and has given some of the most remarkable evidences of spirit-work in the way of communications and paintings on slates that I have ever heard of or witnessed. Instead of relating some extraordinary ones given to others, which I know are reliable, I will relate my own experiences, which are also very extraordinary. What we want is unmistakable spirit-work, and that I am going to relate.

I called on him with my own slates. I put a piece of paper between them, on which I wrote four names; four that I would like to hear from, and nothing else but the names. The slates were clean. I tied the two together myself, and they lay before me on the table, and were never out of my sight. I very soon heard the pencil writing, so we knew the spirits were at work. The doctor, without moving the slates, laid one of his hands on them for a short time, and said they had not got through, and that he felt as though I was going to be astonished. While I waited and watched, we had some interesting side manifestations. I will mention one or two of them. He said "There is an old man here, quite old. I hear the name of Dana." As I was expecting no Dana, I kept silent. He soon said, "I hear the name of Smith," "Yes," I said, "that is a very common name." He said, "Charlotte Smith and Mary Smith." I said "My mother had two cousins with those names. Charlotte was married to Richard H. Dana, the poet." "That is the Dana whose name I heard," said the medium, "and he takes this way of being recognised." I must say I thought at the time of the old poet who died in my youth, when the name was mentioned, but I did not give any hint, nor did I expect a visit from so distant a connection.

The doctor then said, "While we are waiting for them to finish your slates, suppose we try some of mine and see what we can get"; and taking two from a pile behind him, he handed them to me, laying them together on my shoulder. I saw that the slates were clean. I heard writing at once. When it stopped he laid the slates on my other shoulder without opening them, when the writing on them began again. Opening them, on one of the inside faces were the names of Wendell Phillips and Theodore Parker, who were

my old friends, and on the other face the following message:—

The spirit world desires to thank you for your zeal in the cause of truth, and bids you go forward in behalf of the sorrowing ones of earth, spreading a knowledge of the truth, that all may rejoice and be glad that the portals are wide open; we bless you for the fidelity which you devote to this truth.

Alice Cary.  
Richd. H. Dana.

Soon the doctor said he thought my slates must be ready, as he felt his power leaving him, and we opened the slates which were well fastened together. Let me say again that I am absolutely certain the slates were clean when I tied them, and lay before me on the table, never out of my sight, and I am absolutely sure no human hands touched the inside faces, or human eye saw them, and so I am "absolutely" sure the messages therein were from departed spirits; and nobody knows better than I do the meaning of the word "absolutely."

The messages on one of the faces were from a great many well-known people, intimate with me, and in various styles of writing, as if written by the different signers. It is hardly worth while to reproduce the communications in this article; they were generally characteristic. I will give the names in their order, which were: M. V. Lincoln, Edward Weston, Edward S. Wheeler, A. B. Ersenmuller, Thomas R. Hagard, Jonathan M. Roberts, E. V. Wilson, Robert Dale Owen, Mary Stearns, J. P. Greanleaf, Allen Putnam.

On the face of the other slate were messages which I will give in full, for they are, some of them, identifications, and all may be; at any rate they throw a lustre of honesty on all of them. On the paper I put inside of my slate were: John E. Wetherbee, Albert Elliott, William Beals, Hattie Wetherbee—the names simply.

We gladly come in response to your call to assure you of our continued existence, and to demonstrate the power of spirit over matter; also to confirm your faith in the possibility of spirit return and to identify ourselves in communication with you.

Your loving son,  
John Elliott Wetherbee.

Your brother-in-law who left you in 1883,  
Albert T. Elliott.

Your friend,  
William Beals.

And your little girl,  
Hattie Wetherbee.

I do not think Dr. Stanbury knew any of these names, or my connection with them. Still, it is possible, as I am a writer and may have referred to them, but if he did, it does not alter the fact that the message came from the spirits.

I wish to call particular attention to Albert T. Elliott; he is my brother-in-law, but I am sure he was entirely unknown; he was not a Spiritualist. He lived on Rhode Island all his life. I have had no occasion to speak of him, and have avoided his name in my writings. Then, that he left me in 1883 makes the matter positive. I had forgotten the year he passed on, but thought it was 1880 or 1881, from some circumstances that occurred in those years. I was disappointed in reading 1883, and should not have been if the spirit had said 1881. When I went home my wife said she thought it was longer ago than 1883. I looked over my diary, which I had kept for many years, and found in the year 1883 recorded "My brother-in-law, Elliott, died in the summer of this year," which proved that the spirit had a better memory than I had.

Following this was a characteristic message from my old friend and neighbour, Epes Sargent. I was familiar with his handwriting; it was small and neat, and this was so; and I am very sure that that scholar had a hand, or a will, in that communication. The following is a copy:—

My dear John, How I would enjoy going about with you in the mortal once more to experiment as in the past. But I am across the border line now, to send you the news. You may rest assured I will be with you when you open these slates and read this message. Science will surely despair of ever overthrowing our philosophy, for the wise-acres are learning there is more in it than they have ever dreamed. Such demonstrations as we are now able to give to the world should convince the most sceptical. I am, as ever, your friend and fellow worker,  
Epes Sargent.

Boston, October 12th, 1890.

JOHN WETHERBEE.

## CLAIRVOYANCE.

This communication, which the "St. James's Gazette" prints, is not to be neglected:—

The Rev. C. N. Barham, of Nottingham, who is a well-known amateur of hypnotism and clairvoyance, sends us the following:—

His Grace of Argyll's experiences of clairvoyance have attracted attention, chiefly because they are ducal. If the same story had been told by plain John Smith, the result would probably have been different. Readers would have yawned over their *Spectator*, and have dozed into a sleep which was not hypnotic. The Duke's clairvoyant séance dates back forty years; and, as recorded, seems to the practised hypnotist to have been exceedingly common-place. It appears to have been a display of the art of "thought-transference," rather than of the gift which is possessed by one in ten thousand of the hypnotist's subjects. Yet, such as it was, it proved to be too much for the Duke. He fancied he perceived the cloven foot peeping out from beneath the robe of the professor of white magic; so, with that commendable prudence which we learn from the pages of Scott has always been characteristic of his race, he relinquished the pursuit of such dangerous knowledge.

True clairvoyance is startling, so far-reaching is it. The possessor of the wondrous gift possesses a key which will fit the wards of well-nigh every lock. To such, hidden things become plain and many secrets are open. There is no wonder that the power is often simulated. Pretenders abound. No calling affords greater facilities for trickery, in none does the practitioner need to be more guarded. In the rare instances in which a subject may be found honest and trustworthy, a prize in the psychological lottery has been gained. When I resided in Whitstable a maid-servant of mine possessed this gift in a remarkable degree. At the first word of command she would fall into deep slumber, which was accompanied by peculiar twitchings of the whole body. When in this state she could be sent—mentally, of course—from one end of England to the other. On one occasion I requested her to go to Tenterden. To do this train was taken to Canterbury, thence to Ashford; and from thence a cab to the indicated place. It was noticeable—(1) that the subject required an appreciable time—perhaps half a minute—to proceed from one point to another; (2) time could be antedated or post-dated for her at will. Thus: Supposing she was to be at Ashford at 1 p.m. On my stating that the hour had struck it was so to her. At this time she did all that I required, even giving the name of the resident. Of course I knew this. So it may possibly be objected that this, like the Duke of Argyll's experience, was a case of thought-reading. Be it so.

I presume it will be admitted that few people are able to remember all that is in a given room at a moment's notice. Before going further, let me say that many hypnotic subjects have a singular aversion to silk. This girl, if touched by even a silken thread, would awake at once. At nine o'clock on a winter night, I put her into the clairvoyant state. My wife took pencil and paper, and I bade the girl go into the drawing-room, where was a sofa with a silk cover. The room was dark. She sat still. To my question whether she was there, she replied "Yes." Then she minutely began to describe everything in the room, until she came to the sofa. "What is on the sofa?" I inquired. "I can't see," was the reply. "Lift it, and examine carefully," I remarked. Suddenly the clairvoyante's face changed, her body twitched convulsively, and she awoke. Did she again—mentally of course—come into contact with the silk?

Yet again. My son was at the City of London School. Just before the vacation I desired to know how he would stand in the class-list and promotion order. In order to do this, I post-dated the time. Again the railway journey, the cab ride, and the school was reached. The master, Mr. — was interviewed; he had never, and has not, seen his interlocutor. Neither does he know of the singular occult influence which environed him. The numbers were given, and given correctly.

One other extraordinary instance may be recorded. My brother-in-law was engaged to a lady in East Yorkshire. He

had given her a diamond ring, which she had lost. This troubled them both. I was written to. Times and places when the ring had last been seen were given me. The girl was sent into hypnotic sleep. And the time was antedated to the day when the ring had last been seen. With some trouble the sleeper was piloted through her journey to the North. Now a new difficulty arose. I had never been to the town, did not know the house, and she was unable to find it. Conjuring up an imaginary resident, I instructed her to make the necessary inquiries. The house and the lady being found, my clairvoyante took hold of the lady's hand, watching the ring. Here and there the lady went, always accompanied by her invisible companion. At length the ring was dropped in the orchard where the engaged couple had been helping to turn over the hay. Unfortunately, the hay was being carted. In order to trace the lost ring, I commanded the girl to hold it tightly, and to submit to any hardship rather than relinquish it. With a half-smile she assented, and commenced to describe her varying experiences. She told how she was raked up, handed upon a pitchfork into a hay-cart, trodden on by clowns, and eventually deposited almost at the bottom of a heap of sweet-smelling hay in the corner of a disused cowhouse. Truth is stranger than fiction. Acting upon the girl's story, a search was instituted, and the ring was found. This is no romance, but a bald and disjointed record of sober facts. I could easily fill a volume with far more startling records of what may, I think, be described as extraordinary clairvoyance.

[We are pleased to print this remarkable communication, which Mr. Barham evidently sends us in perfect good faith. We should, however, be glad to hear more of that *clairvoyante* housemaid, and to learn her present professional address. It appears to us that if she could see her way to oblige us by "post-dating" such facts as the result of the Cambridgeshire, or the price of Brighton A's this day fortnight, we should be speedily in a position to retire on a modest competence larger than is usually to be obtained by journalistic pursuits. —Ed. *St. James's Gazette*.]

## MINISTERING SPIRIT, OR WHAT?

Over fifty years ago I caught a cold which brought on instantly a severe attack of consumption, and after struggling on for some time under the best medical treatment, I left my situation and went home, as I thought, to die. Gradually, but rapidly and surely, I grew weaker. Knowing what the symptoms were, I had no hope of recovery. I was then about twenty.

My home was at a village in Yorkshire. The butler at the Hall, as we used to call the principal residence, hearing of my condition, was induced to run across the village with a book he happened to have, containing some information about a medicine useful in cases of consumption, and which he thought might be helpful to me.

I read the book, and as I read, an impression was made on my mind of a very powerful nature, as if some intelligent being had said aloud in my hearing, "That medicine will cure you." The words were so emphatic and so forcible that I replied, as in answer to whoever spoke, reasoning against using it, and I quietly laid the book down. I did not yield to the prompting then.

I recovered a little, and by request returned to my situation as a visitor, but not to business. Soon the symptoms assumed intensified power; the end of my conflict seemed to be very near. Again that impressive suggestion, or utterance, and in the same words, "That medicine will cure you," was heard. This time, after a little further hesitation, I replied, "This seems to be, or it may be, a providential interposition for my relief and recovery: live or die, I will try it." In one month from its use I was well. All who knew my condition looked upon the recovery as a miracle. The doctor was greatly astonished. That medicine has several times enabled me to keep down, or to remove, relapses of the consumptive symptoms, and in other ways it has been most useful to myself (and many more) unto this hour. And, except for accidents, I have never had need of medical aid during those fifty years.

The question seems to arise, were those words, "That medicine will cure you," a coincidence merely, or an imagination, or, in keeping with present knowledge, were they a ministering spirit's audible whisper?

E. M.



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## The Mattei Medicines.

SIR,—I think the enclosed letter so interesting and encouraging to those who suffer that I ask you to publish it, and remain, yours sincerely,

BARBARA HONYWOOD.

[COPY.]

To Leopold Surville, Esq., Exponent of the Mattei System.

DEAR SIR,—I should like for the encouragement of others to give an account of the benefit I have received by taking the Mattei remedies. For years I had suffered from ill health and large growths under the arms, and on the top of the left breast. I consulted the leading doctors of the town, and was told that the lumps would become as large as a half-quartern loaf, and become large sores; nothing could be done for me. A lady, on October 18th, 1888, told me of the cure of a servant by Count Mattei's remedies, and urged me to try them. Becoming worse, in February, 1889, I decided to go to Professor Surville, 37, Larkhall-rise, Clapham. He gave me "canceroso" and "venereo" and "angiotico," to take and use in compresses. I persevered until June, when I was confined of my eighth child, and my doctor said I had never had so good a time. As soon as I could I again saw the Professor, and the treatment had a grand result. My health improved, some of the growths breaking up, and others diminishing gradually; no pain; and freedom to use my arms; strength gradually increasing. I hope that this result will decide those who hesitate to try the Mattei remedies.—Yours, very gratefully and respectfully,

24, Mayor-walk, Peterborough.

MARY HANNAM.

## Re-Incarnation.

SIR,—Your illuminative criticism is often instructive and always interesting, and I, for one, would like to see it more freely directed upon the subject which continues so largely to occupy your correspondence columns.

The hypothesis of Re-incarnation has never commended itself to the average cultivated Englishman, but its supporters would probably allege that this does not count, as it is an average which, perhaps, fails to hit the mean in things spiritual. However that may be, it makes agnostics on the subject pause when such acute and gifted thinkers as "C.C.M." and Mr. Edward Maitland treasure the belief so highly and argue for it so subtly.

That we receive little enlightenment from the more or less unprogressed and fugitive "friends," who are still partially immersed in this world's atmosphere, should not occasion surprise. The avenues of appropriate approach towards higher knowledge will, doubtless, open out as the race becomes sufficiently awakened. Meanwhile, as Mr. Maitland says, man may learn most by looking into his own soul, yet metaphysicians of great penetration may, by dwelling too intensely on one aspect of consciousness, come to suffer a certain obliquity of visual insight, and finally create for themselves a noumenal world out of harmony with Nature. It is conceivable that even the "Perfect Way" may not be the only path to truth. "To the solid ground of Nature trusts the mind which builds for aye."

I know it is no argument to say that the theory, though it may cover a few stray facts, appears to be far-fetched and non-natural, but it certainly needs much more for its support to be elevated to the dignity of a "dogma" than the supposed memory in some rare souls of a previous existence. The wide and well-grounded nature of heredity is dead against such a conception, and "common-sense at its best" will not entertain such a doctrine in the absence of a more reasonable and philosophical basis than has yet been provided for it. The return of the Individual to this earth cannot surely be described as a step in the process of its Evolution, as that term is understood in Science. On the contrary, such a descent of man might more fitly be described as devolution. Otherwise, premising a Divine Government of the world, Chinamen of to-day, after ten thousand years of wearisome and painful re-births, should indeed be blossoms of celestial beauty!

You say, sir, "that pre-existence fits into your conception of things."\* I doubt not that, ideally, the mind feels the need of a continuity in which there is no apparent breach, but surely the individualised Ego must have had a beginning. Then, if so, why not here and now upon this planet? It

cannot, at any rate, be illogical to say that having begun we shall go on, and may the light increase.

Since writing the foregoing, I have read some observations of "C. C. M." on "Transcendental Consciousness." Is it not conceivable, or indeed probable, that the so-called "Transcendental" Consciousness is, throughout the life of the individual, being gathered out of the Super-sensuous at the same time that this body and consciousness is built up from its environment? P.

\* [The problem of the different degrees of development in man born in this world leads me to that hypothesis.—"M. A. (OXON.)"]

## Can Animals See Spirits?

SIR,—A correspondent in your issue of "LIGHT" for October 4th appears to challenge Theosophical teachings concerning "spirits" of an old negress, who could see "duppies," and he allows such only to "strengthen the ground of Spiritualists"!

This seems rather rough on your intelligent readers. The old negress *saw* what the horse *felt*; we have no evidence that the horse saw, heard, or smelt the influence. But that which it experienced, and which caused it to stop, the old negress was able to say she saw clairvoyantly.

Now, both the woman and the horse *experienced* the influence; the woman, perhaps, with more refined intelligence in that she could and did *say* what she saw, as against the horse's stopping and refusing to go into some apparent danger.

It would seem that both creatures were using similar principles, and those certainly of an animal nature, from the horse's evidence. And there is no evidence to show that this negress was using any higher principle than the psychic when she said she saw your correspondent's wife's father who had "passed away years ago."

Theosophists admit spirit identity in the identity of spirit with matter; and we would re-state our belief that except in *very rare* instances the spirits of the dead do not come and communicate with or appear to their surviving friends. One who has passed away is as he has become, not as he was; so to *recognise* anyone after he has "passed away" from earth-life is evidence of error as regards the spiritual.

For only the trained seer can see with his spiritual eye the true vision.

MAKARA.

## Organisation—An Example.

SIR,—The memorial and funeral service for Mrs. Booth, with the attendant demonstrations, have exemplified in a marked degree the influence exerted by the Salvation Army as an organisation, and we, as Spiritualists, might do worse than emulate their example in some respects by increasing the effectiveness of all sections of our movement. The unity, which the editor of "LIGHT" and others have persistently striven for, should become established amongst us, and, in the added strength which unity commands, our influence for good greatly augmented.

Mrs. Booth's last message—"Love one another, and meet me in the morning"—was one which is, doubtlessly, appreciated by many of us; while her husband's expressed conviction of her continued interest and activity in the welfare of their work will impress upon their followers the truth of the close association of the two states of life. The short burial service was in itself suggestive:—

"As it has pleased Almighty God to promote our dear Mother from her place in the Salvation Army to the Mansion prepared for her above, we now commit her body to this grave—earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust—in the sure and certain hope of seeing her again on the Resurrection morning."

And then the following solemn declaration of faith:—

"Blessed Lord, we do solemnly promise, here by the side of this open grave and before each other, that we will be true to our cause and valiant in Thy service; that we will devote ourselves to the great end of saving souls; that we will be faithful to Thee, faithful to one another, and faithful to a dying world, till we meet our beloved Mother in the morning."

The "meeting in the morning" is a beautiful idea. Throughout the whole ceremonial there was an entire absence of mourning, a feature very commendable, further emphasising the realisation of the spirit-life.

I have been told on several occasions, by eye-witnesses, of certain experiences within the ranks of the Salvation Army,

which tend to show that external spirit action is not uncommon amongst them; and, if this is so, while certainly the conditions are at times favourable to such manifestations, then there is little wonder at the progress made under such an efficient organisation as the Salvation Army possesses.

Again, we have but to glance at the practical nature of their past work, and as illustrated by "General" Booth's work just published, "In Darkest England and the Way Out," to recognise the influence operating in their midst.

Such organisation should, and I trust will, prompt Spiritualists as a body to soon unite their forces, in order the more effectually to undertake concerted action in all matters appertaining to their general interests, and for disseminating the facts and teachings of modern Spiritualism. This should be no very difficult matter, inasmuch as there already exists much of the material for initiating useful work. The sinews of war in the shape of funds would probably be forthcoming, when an earnest attempt is made to extend and bring home to our fellows the glad tidings of spirit-life and intercourse as demonstrated in Spiritualism.

Durle Dene,  
4, Bibbaworth-road,  
Church End, Finchley, N.

THOMAS BLYTON.

#### Electro-Homoeopathy.

SIR,—In regard to the cases of ophthalmia and scrofula which your correspondent, Herr Gustav Zorn, says he cured by means of Mattei's method, the account of which appeared in your issue of October 18th, would it not be well to give the particular remedies used, for the guidance of others wishing to try them?

I cannot find the directions in the book of Count Mattei which I possess, and would be grateful, as I am sure would many others, for fuller particulars. "R."

#### Spiritual and Physical Bodies Discordant.

SIR,—Allow me to say that I have read with considerable satisfaction the article by "M. W. G.," in "LIGHT," October 25th, 1890, headed "The Spiritual Body," the concluding sentence of which is, "It strikes me as not improbable that some forms of insanity, especially such as follow on sudden calamities, may be caused by a displacement of the spiritual body from its proper contact with the outer frame."

For the last eighteen months my attention has been given to the *direct voice* phenomenon, during which time I have been engaged upon a small work, entitled "Whence these Voices?" the question being addressed to Professor Huxley, F.R.S. After minutely describing one remarkable case, which I personally investigated, in which a number of unrecognised male and female voices sang and talked with great vivacity, I have proffered several hypotheses with respect to those unrecognised voices, in reply to the question "Whence?" for the consideration of those who may be inclined to try to solve the problem. One is, that they or some of them may proceed from the spirit or fluidic bodies of persons in asylums for the insane; and the suggestion appended to that particular elaborated hypothesis is as follows:—

"Perhaps some who are in charge of insane persons may seek to ascertain whether the spirit, or fluidic, bodies of some of their patients are, to some extent, forced out of place, so that the physical and spiritual organisms no longer act in harmony, but lead disjointed lives. Accident to the brain, or sudden violent grief, might cause such dislocation, and it is conceivable that a remedy may sometimes be found through deep study of psychical phenomena. Take the deplorable case of the widow of Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico—why should it be impossible to restore sympathetic vibrations, the 'beautiful accord,' between spirit and brain, by judicious dealing with the spiritual body; attuning once more the 'sweet aerial chimes in Thought's imperial dome'?"

Abbotsbury, Dorchester.

J. HAWKINS SIMPSON.

#### HUXLEY'S SURVEY OF FIFTY YEARS.

In our last issue (p. 516) we printed Dr. Coues's remarks on a noteworthy paper to which he drew our attention, and of which he spoke very highly. We find even a summary beyond our space. A full reprint appeared in the "Religio-Philosophical Journal," commencing September 13th and ending October 11th. These may be consulted at our office, and have been made available for that purpose.

#### SOCIETY WORK.

CARDIFF PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—On Sunday last Mr. J. Hopcroft, of London, delivered an interesting address both morning and evening to a large and appreciative audience. Lyceum at 3 p.m. as usual.

23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD, FOREST HILL, S.E.—On Sunday last we had a very pleasant evening with the "guides" of Mrs. Spring, who gave a number of clairvoyant tests, all of which were recognised. Next Sunday, Mr. Veitch.—GEO. E. GUNN, Hon. Sec.

STRATFORD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, WORKMAN'S HALL, WEST HAM LANE, STRATFORD, E.—Meetings free, every Sunday at 6.45 for 7 p.m. The following is the list of speakers for November:—2nd, Mr. J. A. Butcher; 9th, Mrs. W. R. Yeeles; 16th, Open Meeting; 23rd, Mr. H. Darby; 30th, Mr. H. H. Cobley.—H. H. COBLEY, Secretary, *pro tem*.

THE LONDON OCCULT SOCIETY, SEYMOUR CLUB, 4, BRYANSTON-PLACE, BRYANSTON-SQUARE, W.—Next Sunday, at 7 p.m., Mrs. Yeeles will give a trance address, followed by clairvoyant descriptions. We shall commence a new musical service in commemoration of the great departed. We shall also have a solo by Miss Bella Yeeles. We trust the readers of "LIGHT" will support us by their presence.—A. F. TINDALL, A. Mus. T.C.L.

MARYLEBONE ASSOCIATION, 24, HARCOURT-STREET, W.—Mr. Goddard delivered an interesting address on "Spiritualism," showing the necessity for the manifestation of brotherly love and general good feeling. On Sunday next, at 11 a.m., Mr. Vango, healing and clairvoyance; at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., Mrs. Treadwell, trance address; Monday, at 8 p.m., social evening; Thursday, at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Wilkins, medium; Saturday, at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Spring, medium.—C. WHITE.

WINCHESTER HALL, 33, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM, S.E.—On Sunday morning last Mr. J. Veitch spoke upon "The Intermediate State" and in the evening Mr. Cyrus Symons delivered an able address upon "Matter and Spirit." The bad weather had a prejudicial effect upon the attendance. We hope that the next time Mr. Symons is with us a full hall will greet him. November 2nd, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mr. Hopcroft. November 3rd, at 8.15 p.m., circle for Spiritualists and inquirers. November 25th, a concert will be held in aid of the Literature and Library Fund, at Hanover Hall, Hanover Park, Rye-lane, Peckham. Tickets 6d. and 3d.—J. VEITCH, Sec.

SOUTH LONDON SPIRITUALISTS' SOCIETY, CHEPSTOW HALL, 1, HIGH-STREET, PECKHAM.—On Sunday morning last Mr. Coote gave some decidedly interesting character readings, and in the evening we had a welcome visit from Mr. and Mrs. Everitt. The former related some wonderful incidents in his experience, which were attentively listened to. Mr. Morell Theobald also said a few words and has promised to address us in the near future. Next Sunday Mr. R. J. Lees at 11.15 a.m. and 6.30 p.m., the subject at the morning service being "Jesus: Man or Myth." A meeting of members will be held after the evening service. The healing séance on Friday at 7.30 p.m., conducted by Mr. R. J. Lees and assistants.—W. E. LONG, Hon. Sec.

GLASGOW.—On Sunday morning, Mr. A. Cross, who is on a visit to Scotland, delivered an address on "Spiritualism as a Religion." Spiritualism, he said, is not only a religion but a scientific religion, teaching the source of inspiration and the continuation of life, with facts to prove each. In the evening, Mr. Cross lectured on "Spiritualism Outside of Spiritualists." He referred to the numerous historical records, given in every part of the world, of the quickening influence of spirits, moving the reformers of every age. The lectures were an intellectual feast, enjoyed by all present. The Lyceum is attended and conducted with the usual earnestness. Thursday's experimental meeting was conducted by J. Griffin, who discoursed on "The Conditions of the Departed," and gave psychometrical readings, which were admitted to be in every particular correct. Others gave clairvoyant descriptions. These meetings are well attended.—J. GRIFFIN, Sec.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SEVERAL communications duly received are unavoidably held over this week; they will appear next week, except some Dreams, Coincidences, &c., which will be used in due course.

E. A. D. O.—Thanks; very acceptable.

J. WETHERBEE.—Very glad to hear from you. Ill, but still conducting the paper. Glad to know that you are vigorous yet.

F. J. T.—Thank you. Very useful for our forthcoming Dreams column. We are desirous of such facts. Spirit-communications we wish to defer for a time.

EDINA.—Better print the inscription with a statement of time and manner of its being given, and invite verification. Will you send such preface? Is the copy exactly as the original was written? Too ill to write personal letter.

C. M. DE L.—A statement appears on another page. We have no personal knowledge. Mrs. Honeywood, Cronberry, Belle Vue-road, Upper Tooting, S.W., kindly promises to reply to questions as to the Mattei system from personal knowledge.

B. L. L.—Glad to hear that you are satisfied with your success. The magazines shall be put on our table. We have always noticed what has reached us. The July number we did not see, because we were absent from London. Yet all was forwarded.